



魔界少女

魔界少女  
Shaman

IRS





# Monogusana Kenja - WN Chapter 00-02 Part 1

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# Chapter 0

Originally published by [Haru Party](#).

Translated by Solistia

## Prologue

“Noooooooo!”

My consciousness was awakened upon hearing a shrill cry.

The voice was filled with unending sorrow, a cry full of melancholy. Before hearing the voice, my consciousness was fuzzy, like I was in a dream. My mind was in a haze, a place with no pain and no suffering, then everything began with a single intense emotion. ...Wait, did it really only just begin?

Did I truly not feel this same despair once before? As soon as that voice snapped me out of my stupor, I felt like I'd forgotten all manner of things and became confused.

Where was this place, who was I—.

“Acht, what’s wrong?”

A black-haired boy came running into the room.

Aah, that’s right. He was Claude, though I always called him Clau; he was kind of like my older brother. And I was Acht.

“Acht, are you okay? Hang in there! Acht!!”

Clau grabbed my shoulders and shook me, then the sorrowful scream stopped. ...No, that’s not it. The source of the scream was me. It didn’t just stop, I stopped.

“C-clau!!”

Sudden tears came, distorting Clau’s face.

I'd been living in a world free of pain and suffering before, but now that seemed to be all there was. Unable to deal with the sudden onslaught of emotions, I could only cling to Clau's small frame. If I didn't, I felt like I would break apart.

"Clau...Clau...Clau..."

"When did you learn to say my name... No wait, what's wrong? You're crying so much..."

I didn't know.

I was just sad, so incredibly sad. In my small panic attack, all I could do was cry.

"Where did Noel-san go? And right when Acht's not feeling good."

Noel-san...

I suddenly understood that to be the name of my mother. At the same time I wondered why it made me sad. I should have been lost in sleep, then came to a sudden realization.

"Clau... She's gone. Mama's gone."

I didn't mean that she had abandoned me. She had literally disappeared from this world. I instinctively knew I would never see her again.

"Clau, Clau...Uwaaaaaaaaaa!!"

Pain, sadness, and loneliness. I clung to Clau as he rubbed my back until I was unable to shed another tear.

Thus, in exchange for my mother's death, I was awakened in this world.

[Monogusana Kenja: Chapter 1-1 & 1-2: A travelling entertainer-like person from a different world](#)

# Chapter 1 (1-1 & 1-2)

Originally published by [Haru Party](#).

Translated by Solistia

## Chapter 1 (1-1 & 1-2): A travelling entertainer-like person from a different world

This world was created by the Dragon God. It was named, Lapillus-Draconis, the Dragon God's Jewel...or thereabouts.

Rather than it just being a creation story of the world, the Gods themselves were said to live here. I say 'were said to' because your regular ordinary commoner wouldn't be able to meet them. Only those of royalty were allowed. For your regular ordinary commoner, they could only go to a temple and make a wish.

From the moment my consciousness awakened, I desired knowledge. If I didn't get it, I would fall into confusion and go mad, starving for information. As I consumed a wide variety of information, I came upon a theory.

"Could it be...I was from another world in a past life...?"

I had memories of the past few years as Acht. My mother had been part of a traveling entertainer troupe, and was sometimes on stage as part of the show. The memories were hazy and not too reliable, but they were definitely mine.

Alongside those, I had memories of another self within me. I had no idea what kind of person those memories came from, but they were definitely the foundation of my current personality. If you looked at it another way, Acht lacked the knowledge and experience from which to derive a personality.

According to the non-Acht memories, I lived in a country called "Japan". All the children attended school, and I was just one of many. In this world, however, if

you didn't have wealth or talent you didn't attend school. There was a huge discrepancy between the two. Also in Japan, not many people practiced any particular religion. At the very least, it wasn't a monotheistic country.

It could be that Japan was somewhere in this world and I just didn't know where yet. That's what I thought at first. But what really made me believe this was another world was a simple fact: in Japan, the 'Human Race' was the only intelligent life form.

"By that logic, I shouldn't exist."

Including the "Human Race", there were many races that proliferated Lapillus-Draconis. The largest populations belonged to the "Elf Race", "Beastman Race", "Winged Race", "Demon Race", and "Fairy Race", with the rest of the world populated by other minor races. Around me, the people of the traveling entertainer troupe, apart from those belonging to the "Human Race" like Clau, were the "Winged Race" with wings on their backs, and those of the "Beastman Race" with animal ears and tails. Even the leader of the troupe was of the "Giant Race", who were just like humans, but twice the size.

And then there was me, who had the blood of the "Human Race", "Elf Race", "Beastman Race", and "Fairy Race" flowing through my veins, known as a "Mixed Breed". A "Mixed Breed" was anyone with a heritage of 3 or more races, and were generally hated. As such, since the different races aged differently, it was impossible to tell how fast a "Mixed Breed" would develop.

When I first heard that I thought, what the hell? Persecuting someone who had no control over their own birth, isn't that just horrible? Japan didn't have anything close to this in terms of social structure, and would have considered such persecution as an act of evil. But the more I heard, the more I understood the reason for the persecution. Not only did no one know how quickly a "Mixed Breed" would age, but things like lifespan, intelligence, and magic power were also unknown factors.

For example, from the moment one is born they may quickly age and die, or even be a baby for a hundred years then suddenly age; both were within the realm of possibility. Their magic power and intelligence could also be abnormally high or abnormally low. I had grown normally for the time being, but there was

no way to know if I would see a sudden burst in growth or not, that's the kind of being I was.

Abnormal growth wasn't a disease, so others wouldn't be affected. Even so, public order here wasn't nearly as good as Japan's, and in a world where a child won't necessarily become an adult, they believe it's better for those of mixed blood to not reproduce. That's why I think we're hated.

In my case, my body was currently aging at the same rate as the "Human Race", but there would be a disparaging difference if my mind remained a child's. If I couldn't learn to speak properly, it would be difficult to lead my own life. Just a month before my mother of Fairy and Beastman heritage passed away, her intelligence and mind suddenly aged at once. Then her body, in turn, aged rapidly, disgusting those around her. A mix of people that despised and didn't understand Mixed Breeds both felt the same way.

Even so, the fact that I, as a "Mixed Breed", had not been killed led me to believe there must be principles against such acts.

"...And it's a little too late to act like I belong..."

The Japanese were good at reading the mood. However, that ability was pointless when you were in a situation with too many unknown factors. In the end, all I knew was that I was a bit out of place among the travelling entertainers.

Before I remembered my previous life...back when Mama was still alive and I was a baby, some of the troupe would interact with me, but now it seemed they were keeping me at a distance. They were creeped out by a Mixed Breed like me that could age at any moment.

So if I started acting like a child now, I would just creep them out even more. However, it also wouldn't do me any good to suddenly start talking fluently; then they would never *not* be creeped out by me. Thus, I just acted like the silent type. If I didn't strike up a conversation with them, they might eventually stop being scared of me.

Even so, I was worried that such a day might never come to pass. If that turned out to be the case, I wondered what I could do from here on out to live an easy life. I thought it'd be nice if I could hide the fact that I was a Mixed Breed so that

I wouldn't be persecuted in the future.

I had sparkling golden hair and blue eyes, and looked humanoid, and I had the good fortune to be rather good looking. My mother was a beauty so I expected great things of my future self.

However, reality wasn't so kind. There was a major feature all "Mixed Breeds" shared, a mark on their face, and I was no exception. Like a tattoo, I had two marks on my face, one purple and another yellow; undeniable proof of my mixed heritage.

In order to hide the marks on my face, I'd need a mask or a hood. But to wear such a getup... Even if I wasn't a Mixed breed, I'd still be viewed as creepy and suspicious.

This was looking to be a hard world to live in. I had gotten the short end of the stick. It'd be nice if someone could just throw me a bone.

"Acht, Boss said I could come play."

Hearing someone call my name, considering no one dared approach me, caused me to raise my head.

"Clau."

Clau's head peaked into the tent, and when he saw me look at him, his face bloomed into a smile and he came running over. Even though I might change in the future, Clau wasn't afraid of me. Even now when my mind seemed to have abnormally matured, since he was just a little older than me, he treated me like a little sister.

By the way, this kid that treated me like a normal child. Despite being part of a large family troupe, he only had his mother and the Boss. Truly, he was a very precious child.

"He said after we hand out flyers, we could play. Acht, let's go!"

Smiling sweetly without even a hint of malice, Clau grabbed my hand and started dragging me out of the tent.

"Wait. I still haven't finished polishing the knives!"

You had to work to be part of the troupe. My mother had worked diligently

before now, and I would have been happy enough to be part of the freak show. However, even though my mother was gone, it didn't seem as if I would be immediately tossed aside if I didn't do any menial labor. And even though "Mixed Breeds" were rare, it wasn't like there weren't any others in the world, and they weren't particularly unusual.

In any case, they needed skilled people able to attract a crowd.

A 5-year old girl like me probably couldn't survive if I was kicked out of the troupe.

So while I spent my time trying to understand more about my situation, I cleaned and repaired the tools used by the other members of the group.

"But that's Iris' job. You don't need to do it, Acht. Mom says 'if you don't take care of your tools of the trade yourself, you fail as a pro'."

"But I must!"

I stated firmly and shook my head. Be that as it may, if I just abandoned the job I was asked to do, I had no idea how much they would harass me in the future. Unfortunately I was not a master of martial arts, nor a skilled assassin, merely a helpless child. If they struck me, I might seriously die.

And what's more—

"They finally gave me a job to do."

Iris was a good person. There wasn't much a 5-year old could do, but even so she gave me a job. She may have just been sticking me with a job she didn't want to do herself, but it didn't change the fact that she had given me work.

Just by being here, I made people uncomfortable. All the more reason to do as much as I possibly could. If I didn't, I really would lose the only place I felt I belonged.

I was the only one who would protect me.

"That's why I said, Acht doesn't need to do it."

I shook my head again.

"No, if I wrap up the handles of the longer blades, they'll be safer."

“Wrap the...long blades”

Clau nodded his head as he repeated my words.

I was determined for Iris to be satisfied with my work, especially if it resulted in less injuries. If the tools could be wielded easier, or at least without injury, I should, in part, be able to secure my place here.

“Gotcha. I don’t really get it, but if you really need to do it Acht, I’ll help you.”

He sat down on the ground with a thump, then Clau took my cloth and began shining the blades. Having a child help me...should he happen to get cut, it would be really troublesome. But still, Clau was obstinate; he wouldn’t stop helping until he was done.

“Thanks.”

“I’m your big brother, so I’ll do whatever it takes to help you, Acht.”

He told me not to worry, then used his tiny hand to muss with my hair. His mother often did the same to him, so this was his way of showing affection, even though it turned my hair into a mess. It was a mixed blessing.

I hurried and got to work so we could finish soon, and took a knife with a dulled edge to a whetstone with some oil and began sharpening it. I didn’t know how to do this in my previous life, it was something Iris taught me briefly. Having done that, I suddenly thought she might actually be a nice person.

“All done!”

After every last blade had been cleaned of oil, I put away the toolbox, and wiped the sweat from my brow. For a child, this was pretty hard labor.

“Okay. Let’s go see Mom real quick.”

Why?

Weren’t we going to hand out flyers? I tilted my head as Clau stood and grabbed my arm.

“If we’re this dirty when we go, the guys in the village will look down on us.”

Ah, I see.

It was true, Clau and I had both gotten fairly dirty. Clau took my hand, and this

time was able to drag me out of the tent.

Living with traveling entertainers, we lived our lives in and around tents. The tent I was just in was used as storage for tools and props.

All the low ranking workers slept in a single tent huddled up together, but those that made the big bucks could afford to have a private, albeit small, room. And sometimes when we were in a city and the earnings were good, those with the higher pay grade were given a room at an inn. Clau's mother, as a master of the sword, was one of those top earners with her popular sword dances and mock battles. I normally would have slept with all the other low rank workers, but Clau's mother was a friend of my mother, so she had me sleep in her room.

"Mom, we got dirty. Where are the towels?"

"Oh my. Dirty indeed. Clau, you'd best change your clothes, too. Acht, just wash your face and you'll be fine."

"Sorry."

A woman with black hair was in the room. She was polishing her blades, and her face lit up when she saw Clau. She was a beautiful woman with sharp eyes, and she was cute when she smiled. Following Clau into the room, I bowed my head in greeting to her.

"It's not my fault, it was Iris. She made Acht do her job."

"No she didn't."

I shook my head behind Clau.

Normally, I was in charge of all the odd jobs. Cleaning up the tools and props was just another job. I did go a bit above and beyond by sharpening the blades, but I wanted to give my all to the tasks at hand. So it was wrong to say that Iris forced me to do it.

"Yes she did. Acht, you're too nice to other people."

"No I'm not."

"All right, all right. I got it, you can argue later, go change your clothes now Clau. I'll get a wet towel for you both. And Acht, Iris isn't very popular right now, so toadying up to her won't do you much good. If you want to brown nose

someone, you should aim higher, get someone to take you under their wing.”

I wondered about that.

I tilted my head, feeling awkward. The ones most likely to bully me were the irresponsible ones like Iris. Unlike the popular people, Iris pushed others around. She was ever in a foul mood, so I'd thought this was the best way to get around it.

Of course if I garnered the favor of someone popular, it would be harder for someone to lay a hand on me.

But I didn't think I would be useful to any of the more popular members as I was now. Maybe if I was a bit bigger and could do more heavy labor I could manage, but unfortunately the things I could do at my current size were few and far between.

And even if someone *did* take me under their wing, unless I gained a bit more knowledge, it'd be impossible to ascertain certain things.

While I muddled about that, I followed Alfa-san.

As we made our way to the washing station, there were a few troupe members chattering away here and there, however, as soon as they saw me, their chit-chatting stopped, and they exchanged uneasy glances. ...Even if I tried to make nice with them, I'd already failed the first step. I sighed as we arrived at the washing station.

Even with the awkward atmosphere, Alfa-san didn't mind or let it affect her. At the washing station were Beastmen ladies covered with scales who gave Alfa-san some water. She wet a towel and handed it to me.

“Come on, quit furrowing your eyebrows, hurry and wash yourself.”

“Thank you very much.”

“That's fine. By the way, I already like you, Acht, so flattering me won't get you anywhere.”

Oh, that's right, Alfa-san is also popular, isn't she? I eventually would have arrived at that conclusion, but not having thought that far, she'd hit the nail on the head.

"I can give you all kinds of work if you really want to work. But rather than just settling for that, you should think about taking others' skills for yourself. That's the fastest way to make sure you won't get pushed around."

So she means I should strive to become popular myself... In other words something impossible. Right.

Unable to fully understand, I wiped my face with the towel.

What Alfa-san said was absurd, but I was also thankful. If she hadn't gotten a wet towel for me, I wouldn't have been able to wash until my allotted bathing time the next day. If I had gone to the washing station myself looking the way I did, there's no way the girls would have given me a towel. Being a Mixed Breed was enough to cause people to scowl at me, and trying to use the water well would have been extremely difficult.

I seriously had no luck.

When I returned to the room, Clau was already changed. He took a towel from Alfa-san and washed his own face.

"Yeah. We're gonna go hand out flyers. And then, we're gonna go play."

"Ohho? All the more reason to wear some snazzy clothes then. I gave you such a cute face, you should show it off more often."

"Eeh? We're gonna play after, so they'll just get dirty."

"Then play so that they don't get dirty. And if you *plan* on getting them dirty, come back here and change into some play clothes first. We're first class entertainers because we have good advertisers."

Then Alfa-san brought out a costume that resembled a sailor's uniform, almost like a sailor-style school uniform, and handed it to Clau. The collar was a sparkling blue, and it shined so much you could probably see it from miles away. She then brought out another set of kid-sized clothes.

"Here you go. Change your clothes too, Acht."

Rather than blue, mine was a pink sailor uniform. She wanted me to wear something that contrasted nicely with Clau's blue.. Clau's uniform had pants, and mine had a skirt. Considering my age, it would be very charming, but with

memories of my past life, I hesitated at the almost *too* adorable color combo.

...What should I do? 'Cosplay' was the only thing I could think about.

"But I—"

"Change your clothes."

"—Okay."

If it didn't look good on me, I'd stick out like a sore thumb. No wait, I should be trying to think of this positively.

As this was also part of my job, I finally decided to disrobe. Despite the memories of my past life, I didn't really have any aversion to getting naked. Clau was practically a sibling, plus he was only 6-years old. I just wasn't at an age where it was something to get embarrassed about...

Speaking of which...what gender was I in my past life?

I had general memories, but when I tried to focus specifically on myself, it was mostly vague. It's entirely possible that I was male in my previous life, despite being a female here.

But even if I put a lot of thought into it, it honestly didn't really matter. As a Mixed Breed, it was incredibly unlikely I would even get married, much less have to worry about my gender in a previous life.

"Yes, as expected of my best friend's daughter. You're too cute! Now get going!"

She gave us a firm pat on the back to get us on our way, and kicked us out of the tent. I couldn't help but be glad that I didn't even get a chance to see how horrible I looked in the mirror. Yep, operation 'ignorance is bliss' was successful.

"Acht, let's go!"

Clau hurried me along, and I nodded my head in agreement.

In my case, even though I was too young anyway, there wasn't much shopping to do in town. For the whole month we'd been here, it was work all day, every day with no rest in sight, so it'd been awhile since I even came to town. Thus, there's no way I *wouldn't* want to come.

"This town has a fountain that a lot of people go to. If we hand out flyers in front of some weird store, they might get mad at us, so let's go to the fountain."

So that's how it is, huh?

The thought of handing out the flyers there caused a memory to resurface in my mind of people handing out free tissues in front of the train stations. There were usually shopping districts by the stations, so that's where the advertisers would go. It made sense since a large number of people would pass by, increasing the chances of handing out one's advertisements.

When I tilted my head to the side, Clau explained further.

"If you want to do business by stores with a lot of people, you have to give an apple...application? to an important person."

"What important person?"

"Dunno. It's okay. No one will get mad if we go by the fountain."

He was right. The area around the fountain was like a park, which would gather plenty of people in its own right for us to solicit.

We headed for the fountain, making our way past the shopping district. There was a slight change to the ambiance in the shopping district, with its grounds laid with tiles. The brick buildings were all lined up uniformly in a row. It was like Europe in the Middle Ages, with carriages periodically speeding by.

"We should hold hands so we don't get separated."

"Okay."

The shopping district was certainly a place you could get easily lost in, and there were plenty of people walking around.

I heard before that the majority of the population in this country were part of the Winged Race, so there were many ladies showing off their wings while they walked around. There were some from the Winged Race in our troupe, and at the time I thought they resembled angels from my past life. But these wings were practical and super convenient, able to expand and contract, and most of the men kept their wings small and under their clothes, rarely showing them off. Indeed, if I had wings, I imagine they'd get in the way when I slept and inevitably

rolled onto my back.

Although it was a fantasy world, the reality of it was a little disappointing.

“Clau. What kind of shops are here?”

The carriages were like buses and trains, and used by the average citizen, however, the only people disembarking at these shops seemed to be the rich and noble. This could only mean that this shopping district catered to those of the upper class.

“Umm, this one’s a Restaurant, that’s one’s a General Store. There’s also a Magic Item Shop and a Jewelry Store, and somewhere around here is a Weapon Vendor.”

“I see.”

It was almost like an RPG world, with its Magic Item Shop and Weapon Vendor, and I wondered if children were allowed in the stores.

From a Japanese point of view, this world seemed to be like a game, populated with all sorts of fantasy races with the ability to use magic. Those that qualified to enter schools would become Magicians, those that didn’t were simply magic users. If they passed a test, a magic user could become a Magician, however the test was so difficult that within our own troupe we only had magic users.

Even a normal person could use simple magic tools, so given the chance, I’d love to at least be able to touch one. After all, my soul had crossed dimensions, the likes of which people could only dream about, and magic itself seemed like an impossible dream realized. It couldn’t be helped.

“There’s also a Medicine Store, and...um. Oh right. The Boss called it an ‘Ethereality’ Shop.”

“Ethereality Shop?”

What kind of shop was that?

I tilted my head while I raked the dictionary in my brain. Either Really? Other Reality?

“They sell things from the Ether, um, stuff made in another world.”

“...Things like that exist here?”

In other words, it was something like an “Other Worldly” shop. The minute he said ‘another world’, it clicked in my brain like a lightning bolt.

“Yep. They sometimes wash ashore in Cognac. It’s mostly junk no one knows how to use, but some fanatics pay a lot for them.”

Ethereality, other worldly. Maybe these non-Acht memories were just my imagination...but maybe they were real.

My heart started pounding. Maybe I knew that other world. Maybe something would show me that all this stuff in my head was for real.

Anxiety and excitement mixed together.

“Acht, wanna go later?”

Clau read me like an open book. Still, at Clau’s invitation, I nodded my head without a second thought.

[Monogusana Kenja: Prologue](#)

[Happy Life: 0 Years Old – Chapter 1](#)

# Chapter 1-3

SURPRISEEEEE!!!

Now, I owe it to Solistia for kick-starting my interest to translate Happy Life. Monogusana Kenja was one of her few teaser projects that I'd also hope someone would pick up. But it's been months now and no one has.

Thankfully, one of my editors wanted to try a hand at MTL. This gave me an opportunity to push this project forward.

Whilst my Japanese isn't superb, I assisted with the TLC. So if there's anything amiss (though some sentences were changed to fit English contextually), feel free to let me and MystEd3 (affectionately known as Me3) know and we'll get on to it.

Please note that we're following the LN version although chapters are split like the WN version for translating purposes.

Without further ado, we present Chapter 1-3!

## Chapter 1-3

**MTL Translator:** MystEd3

**TLC:** Krrizis

**Editor:** Wafflez

Moving through the shopping district, I arrived at the plaza with a water fountain, where there was certainly a lot of people. It was a good place to relax and refresh oneself and it seemed like a popular place to sight see for travelers. At the heart of the square, there was a circular fountain with magical inscriptions in a geometric shape on the tiles below. I don't understand the principles, but the fountain had something to do with magic, causing it to become some sort of symbol. Around me, there were also food stalls which were bustling with people . . . Except the space around me.

“No matter how you look at it, I’m being avoided.”

Sitting on the water fountain, there was not a single person in the vicinity.

Even though there were many flirting Beastman couples not too long ago.

After splitting the flyers in half with Clau, I went around in a circle with the flyers flapping about before letting out a sigh. I hated that I wasn't able to hand out a single flyer since then. Still, a part of me wonders how long mixed breeds will be hated. It wasn't like I was going to pickpocket them, I didn't have such wicked thoughts. When I come close, they flee. I'm just walking normally yet they avoid me on a grand scale. The conduct of the older girls with angelic-like appearances was truly unangelic.

Remaining with the troupe was still better. At least they don't run from me like baby spiders scattering away.

"I think my appearance is quite cute though."

At the water fountain, I stopped and took some time to look down, and saw a child with evenly trimmed bobbed honey-colored hair reflected in the water. Ears as large like a beastman's and sharply pointed like an elf, looking quite like a stuffed toy. As a result of having large blue eyes, I resembled a doll. If it weren't for the black birthmark at the corner of my right eye, I could have called myself a beautiful girl without the least bit of conceit.

Altogether I look like an innocent child, being a mixed breed was enough to make them avoid me, this is a rough world that I live in. However, I wasn't being struck with stones and when thinking about the level of the bullying, I would probably be able to comfort myself.

"Ahct, why are you skipping work?"

As I absentmindedly gazed again at the gushing water fountain, Clau glared at me with his hands on his hips. I understand that he's angry because he's the only one that is working.

So, I uttered.

"Because nobody would take the flyers from me"

"Ah..."

Clau immediately understood the reason and grimaced. It wasn't a look of pity, but a vexed expression.

"Even though Ahct is so cute"

Un. That should be said to someone you really love in the future. I understand that it's probably because of his mother's influence. From my perspective, Clau isn't a gentleman and I'm worried that he'll grow up to become a playboy.

"What about Clau?"

"I also wasn't able to hand out any"

In Clau's hands even more flyers remained. Fair enough, it is quite an open space. Because nobody wanted to come near as much as possible, it was difficult to distribute them.

It was then that I suddenly realized. . .

... I see. Should I have you come and take it instead?

"Clau, repeat what I'm about to tell you now in a loud voice."

I bought my mouth close to Clau's ear, and I quietly told him the idea I had just thought up. Although it wasn't a problem if I had spoken normally since nobody was nearby, somehow having a stealthy preparatory meeting was very business-like.

Moreover if the work wasn't divided, when we do it, I will stand out a lot which is embarrassing.

"Okay, but will you be fine, Ahct?"

"Un. Lets quickly get this over with."

Towards the nervous Clau, I nodded my head and passed all the flyers to him.

Thus, relaxing my body, I closed my eyes. It's okay. I can do this. Rather, I have to do this.

"Come come, everyone, please gather around. If you're not in a hurry, come listen."

With no trace of childishness in Clau's voice, I grasped the presence of people looking over here immediately.

"In the distant mountains and various lands, dressing up an explanation is but a vile move, good and evil is completely unclear."

My ears tremble at the sound of footsteps coming this way. Thanks to my

beastman heritage, the performance of my ears was exceedingly excellent.

“Now then, everyone. Sitting here is a pitiful mixed breed girl.”

My heart pounded loudly, yet I didn’t move. As much as possible, I tried to maintain a doll-like expression, one of expressionlessness.

“Even if she is labelled a mixed breed, she is not your typical mixed breed. Before her mother died, she didn’t speak. Even when her mother died, what came out of her lips was nothing but songs. Able to sing a thousand songs, an unintelligible doll’s song. However, for some reason it is pleasing to the ears. Now then~ everyone. Approaching our last performance, 『Grimm Troupe』! We present today’s official performance!”

Well-spoken.

I had asked Clau to swallow and recite those lengthy words. Even so, Clau recited word for word without making a single mistake. From here on, it’s my job

In a flash, my eyes open. There were more people around us in a circle than I expected. However as though I had no idea what was going on, I kept an expressionless expression. And then, slowly standing up, I took a deep breath.

“AHHHHaaaaahhhh”

My transparent-like spirit race inherited voice vibrated in the air.

The common song that I seemed to have sung in my past life’s choir competition, I sang in acapella. For the few parts that I couldn’t remember, I cheated by humming. Surely even if they had heard the nonexistent words, it would have sounded mysterious.



Because this world has magic, something like electricity is still nonexistent, let alone television or even radio. Not to mention CDs and cassettes, even a record hasn't been invented, so music appreciation couldn't be done easily. Basically, the only form of entertainment is a live performance. And the places you could listen to one were limited. Since the song was free of charge moreover with an audible beautiful timbre, the people willingly gathered around.

My mother seemed to be from the wind spirits race, possessing a perfect-like pitch, and was even the troupe's diva. Thankfully it was properly handed down

to me through my mother's genes.

As expected, as soon as they began hearing the song, people steadily gathered around. Without a moment's delay, Clau began to distribute the flyers. If it continues on like this, we'll quickly finish handing them out.

Be that as it may, I regretted overstating that I could sing a thousand songs. Unexpectedly, aside from choir competition songs, I have knowledge of popular songs and nursery rhymes from my past life, when I run out of those, anime songs and the only songs that I can't sing are the singing dolls, the vocaloid's songs from my birthplace. There are numerous vocaloid songs that are addictive but is it songs that can be sang enthusiastically in public?

Ah no, it's the same with anime songs. Certainly there were master-like pieces but amongst them, there were also various disappointments. Since saying that, it seems I've remembered completely my past life's hopelessness... The me in the past...——— Un, the past is the past. Let's not think too much of it.

"Excuse me, please pass this along. Please pass this unofficial article along—"

Gradually as I came close to singing anime or vocaloid songs, the flyers in Clau's hands ran out. That was a relief. That's good. Truly, that was good. "So, our official performance comes to an end. If anyone fancies this girl's songs, please come visit the『Grimm Troupe』"

When Clau lowered his head to a bow, I also stopped singing. It's been awhile since I sang in a loud voice, so my throat was sore. However without even burping it out, I sat down again on the edge of the fountain, and closed my eyes. Presenting an image like a doll whose spring had been cut, I removed the strength in my body.

For a while it was noisy, but gradually, the crowd's presence died down. Having stopped my movements, there wasn't anything interesting as I'm a mixed breed. People seemed to have disappeared quickly. Almost as if my popularity had disappeared, I opened my eyes.

-clap clap clap—

Suddenly, an abrupt applause echoed, and my eyes blinked.

"That was wonderful. It was really enjoyable, thank you."

The boy with cabbage-like green hair smiled brightly. Without knowing why, I laughed ambiguously. Smiling at a mixed breed, what a strange person.

He's probably a person from the winged race, however ...

"I would love to go and see you perform again."

At those words, I bowed my head. In the setting Clau explained, with the exception of songs, it was decided that I couldn't speak. Since there is still an audience member, I can't afford to break the setting.

The boy moved closer to the unmoving me. Taking a closer look, his eyes were a similarly cabbage-like colored. Each part of his face was arranged in detail, I absentmindedly thought the pretty boy looked like an incarnation from a fantasy.

"But you shouldn't excessively show off the otherworldly songs. Since you'll be kidnapped by bad people if you do."

The words whispered into my ears were shocking. I nearly spoke up, when Clau came between us.

"Sir. Next time when our troupe has a stage performance, please come by all means."

"Un, I will do so. Goodbye, Doll-Chan."

The boy waved his hand, and quickly flew away with that body. Since there was a gap on the back of his clothes for his wings to come out, he was probably from the winged race. Not just his color, even his race is a fantasy.

At any rate, who in the world is he? ... He was unexpectedly calm for his age, his words were also pronounced beautifully. I can't feel an accent. Is he a noble that came here in secret?

At any rate, I'm tired.

I wearily sat down on the edge of the fountain without acting this time.

"Ahct. Good job. They're all gone now."

"Un"

Towards the somewhat excited Clau, I made agreeable responses. Even so, I didn't expect things to go smoothly here. I breathe out in relief.

At the same time, the boy who I had spoken to earlier came to mind. I wonder why he believed those songs were from another world? Or were the boy's words a performance as I thought and was as a matter a fact, a joke?

Well, it doesn't matter. Pulling myself together, I reached out my hand to Clau who was still speaking excitedly.

Taking the trouble to come out to town, if we're just standing here motionlessly, we're wasting time.

"Let's go to the Ethereality Shop?"

In that way, I called out to Clau

[Happy Life Term Changes – Forms of Addressing the Monarchy](#)

[Happy Life: 7 Years Old – Chapter 28 – The So-Called Duel](#)

# Chapter 2-1

Why did I do this during mid-terms? What possessed my pitiful soul.

Please redirect all grammar issues to Wafflez.

## Chapter 2-1: The Small Sage-sama

**MTL Translator:** MystEd3

**TLC:** Krrizis

**Editor:** Non-existent (Kidding. Twas's us, MystEd3 & Krrizis)

The Ethereality shop was a slightly secluded place that existed in the shopping district.

The signboard was jointly decorated with Lapillus-Draconis' common language that looks like kanji, and the language of the kingdom we're currently staying in, Albero Kingdom.

However unfortunately I can not write or read the letters, so I have no choice but to guess it probably says the Ethereality shop.

However, I felt that my lack of knowledge is not determined by the fact that I am a mixed-breed. Perhaps this world's literacy rate isn't that high? When I walked through the shopping district, there was always an easy to understand drawing on the store front's sign, in some cases there were places that didn't have a drawing.

“E-ther-eal-ity-shop. Un. It's here. This is the place that Boss talked about.”  
“Clau, you can read the letters?”

I was surprised to see Clau staring at the sign next to us.

“Yeah. Mother taught me how. It's better to remember the letters, as you can go anywhere with it.”

Certainly that is true, but just preaching this to me isn't helpful?

Alfa-san's a master of the sword, what in the world sort of person is she? Well, it seems the troupe is a group that is comprised of people with special circumstances like me who need a roof over their head, surely she has that sorta reason.

There weren't a lot of customers that entered the Etherality shop, so it was very quiet. When we passed through the door, we caught a glimpse of a cat-faced man sitting at the counter who looked in our direction and frowned. Nevertheless, they seemed to be doing business with a customer right now, so they did not come over to drive us out.

Taking advantage of the situation, we advanced further in.

The things displayed on the shelf were not new, some were damaged in some respects and others were extremely dirty. There were strangely shaped pots, serpentine works of art, and the like. An abundant sort of mysterious things. The only problem was none of them stimulated my memory. Simply speaking, I can say with confidence that all of it was junk that I truly didn't understand. Their usefulness was truly incomprehensible.

From this, I have derived three possibilities.

1. Although it's called the ethereality, it is not the otherworld that I know of. Furthermore, they're objects that drifted in from another world.
2. The objects here are for the sake of people from other countries with the exception of Japan, therefore people with past lives wouldn't know about them.
3. The memories inside my head are merely delusions.

For 3, I want to exclude this choice, if none of these things are related to my memories, I'm not confident they're delusions either.

If possible, I would like to firmly pick them up and carefully assess them as I think it through but if it is situation 1, I can't be restricted to thinking that it might not be a type of curse. After all is said and done, I can confidently say this world is already fashioned after an RPG. I'm seriously afraid that the equipment was the type of item that can't be removed once it's worn.

“mmm ... I've got nothing.”

The store itself didn't seem very wide.

Although I only walked a short distance, I immediately walked into a dead end. Still, I wished they at least systematically grouped things together. Frankly speaking because of how they were placed, I had a feeling that I might have overlooked something. I returned once more and turned right.

*bibibibibibibili!!*

The moment I turned around, I was shocked by a sudden reverberating noise. It sounded similar to an alarm. Looking at the source of the sound, Clau fell to the ground on his back.

“What are you doing?!”

The cat man who was sitting in the counter grasped Clau by his collar as he blankly stared back and lifted him up. Clau's body was easily lifted. His hand was gripping onto something egg-shaped. That was probably the source of the sound. *\*karan\** and something made of metal made a sound as it fell under his feet.

“Let go of me!”

“You broke something in the store. This isn't a place for children to play around.”  
“I didn't break it. I only touched it.”

At this rate, he might be handed over to the police.

I was going to negotiate when I noticed the object that Clau was holding onto was somewhat blinking. Recognizing it, I retrieved the metal thing that had fell down beneath his feet.

“Clau. Lend it to me.”

Taking the object that was clasped tightly in Clau's hand, I stuffed a hook into the notch. Upon which, the bell that was reverberating noisily suddenly stopped.

Thank god. Everything went smoothly and my chest felt relieved.

“.....What did you do?”

“It's not broken.”

I thrust the security buzzer which no longer buzzed at the cat man who had a doubtful expression.

“The security buzzer simply operated normally. Let go of Clau.”

Certainly, the sudden reverberating sound was our fault, but I don’t think it’s to the extent that warrants suddenly grabbing a kid by the scruff of his neck. After all, children and mixed breeds have rights.

The cat man who received the buzzer lowered Clau for the time being.

“Iya~, jou-chan is amazing.”

The man that the cat man was negotiating with not long ago approached us.

He had raven-black hair and blood red pupils that nobody in our troupe has. I noticed his ears were slightly pointed, I guessed he is one of those so-called people from the 『demon race』 that I’ve heard about from the boss earlier.

That man from the demon race came up before me and looked down at me.

“By the way, jou-chan. Where did you learn such a thing?”

“Eh....”

Where?

Suddenly, I noticed that the words he said meant I originally shouldn’t be aware of it and hardened. Honestly, is it fine to even talk about my past life? No, probably not. Even if I tell such a tale, at most I’ll be treated like an insane person. Besides after singing the songs from the other world the words, “you’ll get kidnapped by bad people” were still on my mind.

Originally the shop assistant of the Ethereality shop had no knowledge on how to use the product. In other words, I practically shouldn’t be aware of knowledge from the other world in my present condition right? If that’s the case, just knowing this information should have considerable value.

....That’s too dangerous.

“....Mama taught me.”

I look down so that my lies won’t be exposed.

Mama, I’m sorry for using you as an excuse for my own convenience. But

please protect me, I said in my heart repenting for my sins. But please protect me, I said in my heart repenting for my sins.

“The mother of a mixed breed? The heck, what kind—”

“Ahct is still in mourning so don’t ask any further. Ahct’s mother died.”

Clau spread his hands in front of me.

Clau, kakkoii. But sorry Clau. That isn’t why I’m looking down. However, it was convenient for the adults to misunderstand, and I left it that way. Un. I’m not at fault.

“Ah, that’s my bad. I apologize too, mixed child. Incidentally, did you happen to hear anything else?”

Appearing like I seemed frightened, I clung onto Clau’s back and secretly snuck a glance at the other party.

The cat man was hairy, so I couldn’t read much from his expression. The man from the demon race was smiling but that doesn’t mean that he was a good person. Presently, there was too little information for me to judge whether I should trust the other party. However, I immediately wonder if I would be able to return to the tent and speak to the others about it.

“If it doesn’t ring after this, is it safe for me to assume that the jou-chan and her friend broke it? Isn’t this an object that rings for eternity?

“....It won’t ring if the battery runs out”

I added in a whisper.

Even so, this person is a very unpleasant listener. Just because it rang just now, doesn’t mean it’s our fault if it doesn’t ring hereafter. Nevertheless from the way he spoke, that didn’t seem to be the case. The cat man’s words earlier showed that he may unjustly accuse us.

Besides he probably doesn’t believe us, traveling entertainers have any money, and from his remark I can tell that he believes that he can step on people of our low social status. If you look at our clothing you can tell that we’re not from this country, but clearly traveling entertainers, and we don’t earn any profits from our job. In addition we’re children, and the fact that I am a mixed breed is also a disadvantage. It doesn’t matter whether the cat man believes it or not, I have no

doubt we'll lose.

"What's a battery?"

".....The source of it's ability to move. It's inside the part where you remove the head section of the screw."

The cat man closely examined the security buzzer in his hand.

Saying this much should be enough. I pulled on Clau's clothes.

"Clau, let's go?"

An alarm sounded inside my head telling me it was better to quickly leave. I've already created enough trouble for myself already. There isn't any further need for more.

"Wait, jou-chan. Since you've gone through such troubles, how about resting here for a bit longer? Right, storekeeper?"

"Yes. Please do by all means. We also have sweets."

....that's a trick that kidnappers use. I openly look at the two people with disgust. Nobody is stupid enough to get lured in by sweets nowadays —-

"Sweets?"

Clau made a very interested and enticed face. Of course. Clau was different from me, he's a pure child who genuinely puts his trusts in people's words. Furthermore, he doesn't usually get to eat sweets.

"Clau, no!"

"But—"

"No!"

At this rate, I couldn't tell which of us was older but I shook my head decisively.

"There has to be an ulterior motive to such a sweet, delicious talk."

"Do the sweets have an ulterior motive?"

"Ah— ..... Wait, it's got nothing to do with the sweets."

"Look, I brought it over."

The cat man who brought the platter of cookie-looking things had slit-eyes. That was probably his smiling face. There was no mistake judging by his idle smile.

“A~~~h.”

My face stiffened as I watched Clau heartily eat the cookie held out by the man from the demon race.

“....How much is it?”

“Can you afford it?”

Probably not.

I shed a flood of tears in my heart. If that's the case, I made up my mind to work hard to become someone rich in the future, so nobody can take advantage of me, but it's an impossible story for me to become rich right now.

TL Note:

- **正真正銘 – shoushin shoumei: an idiom meaning to trust people genuinely mean what they say**

[Happy Life: 7 Years Old – Chapter 31 – Various Insecurities Kept Coming](#)

[Happy Life: 7 Years Old – Chapter 32 – Details of the Request](#)